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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

LE SOLITAIRE.*

[From the Lon. Lit. Gazette.]

[We this week present to our readers the first part of an interesting romance, by the viscount d'Arincourt, which will be continued through some of our succeeding numbers. The *Solitaire* has obtained extraordinary success in France, no fewer than five editions having appeared in the space of five months. It has also furnished subjects for dramatic pieces, which have been performed at almost every theatre in Paris. The popularity of this romance, has not, however, been confined to France; it has been translated into three different languages, and the theatre de la Cruz, at Madrid, has recently announced a heroic drama, under the title of *El Solitario del Monte*. It now appears for the first time in English, and will, we doubt not, even in the condensed form suitable to our limits, be agreeable to our readers.]

THE RECLUSE.

Not far from Lake Morat, amidst the mountains of ancient Helvetia, in a valley crossed by a rapid torrent and crowned by thick forests, stood, in the 15th century, the monastery of Underlach. A few days previous to the famous battle of Morat, Charles the Bold had consigned the abbey and its treasures to the rapacious fury of his troops. All the monks of Underlach were massacred. The rock on which these victims suffered was shown to travellers by the shepherds of the country. In the opinion of the mountaineers, the recollection of the horrors committed by the too-celebrated duke of Burgundy, was perpetuated by a miracle. The stone which had served as a scaffold for the pious monks, still preserved the colour of blood, and the rock which rose on the brink of the torrent, bearing indelible traces of the barbarous massacre, was called the *terrible peak*.

Rene, the young duke of Lorraine, was now restored to the possession of his states. He had gained the immortal victory of Nanci over Charles the Bold; and not far from

the walls of that city, the mutilated and disfigured body of Charles was drawn out of a frozen pond by his own page, who declared that he had seen him fall, mortally wounded, during the conflict. The people of Switzerland, delivered from their implacable enemy, had long since celebrated their triumph; and the valley of Underlach, together with the whole of Helvetia, enjoyed profound peace.

The shades of night were silently advancing, when baron Herstatt, the possessor of the abbey, an old man bent beneath the weight of years, lighted his lamp and proceeded to the chapel, where, every evening, he offered up his prayers to the Almighty.

Prostrate at the foot of the altar, "Great God!" exclaimed Herstatt, "pardon the complaints of the wretched. Can Death have forgotten me? Alas! have not I long enough wandered in the darkness of existence? have not I merited that heaven should at length open to me that door of light which man calls the grave?"

A slight movement roused him from his devotions. He turned and beheld at his side the gentle Elodie, kneeling and in tears. Elodie, a young orphan, and the niece of Herstatt, resided with him in the monastery.—"My father," said the maid of Underlach, "you pray for death; but what will be the lot of Elodie on earth, if bereft of you?" Herstatt gazed for a moment on his young protégée. Elodie was more lovely than the morning rose, more pure than the breath of spring. The grace of her motions equalled the perfection of her form. Beneath the gloomy arches of the chapel, fair as the lily of the valley, bright as the beams of the rising sun, Elodie surpassed every ideal image, and seemed a dream of wonder.

"Ill-fated innocence!" said Herstatt, lowering his voice. Then, crossing the dark aisle of the chapel, the old man, followed by the orphan,

returned to the high tower of the abbey.

Baron Herstatt had passed his youth at the court of Burgundy, and had gained an illustrious name in battle. Enamoured of one of the most celebrated beauties of France, he became a happy husband, and the birth of a daughter left him nothing to wish for. But lasting felicity is not the lot of man; Fortune often crowns her favourites with flowers, only to deck them for the sacrifice; Herstatt lost his beloved wife! All his affections and hopes were now centered in his daughter. Endowed with surpassing beauty, the young Irena soon became the pride and the idol of her father; and, by her birth and fortune, she seemed destined to fill an exalted sphere.

Charles the Bold, the most powerful prince in Europe, the most renowned hero of his age, beheld Irena, and was captivated by her charms. The fair daughter of Herstatt was surrounded by all the seductions of love, and soon disappeared from the paternal roof. The baron was overwhelmed with despair; hours, months, years passed away; he still remained in ignorance of the fate of Irena. He retired from court, and soon after received in his retreat, the following letter in an unknown hand:—

"HERSTALL,—The wretched and penitent Irena, from her death-bed, raises her voice to her father. Hasten to her, if thou wouldst receive the last sighs of the victim of the perfidious Charles."

But, alas! Irena expired ere her father could reach the place of her concealment. She was the mother of an infant which scarcely survived its birth. The two victims were buried in one tomb, and Herstatt fled, to deplore his wretchedness, in the solitude of Switzerland.

Flora, in her perfumed car, drawn by the Zephyrs, had already scattered her celestial gifts through the valleys of Helvetia, and Philomel tuned her melodious strains to the soft murmur of the water-falls. Spring restores life and gaiety to

* Two vols. 12mo. Paris.

nature; the aged tree receives new verdure from the genial breath of the season of love; the languid plant rears its drooping head to catch the beams of Aurora. But man! the sovereign of the world, though frequently the victim of his own privileges, borne down by sorrow, or bewildered with pleasure; frozen by old age, or intoxicated by youth; man alone revives not with the sunshine of spring!

Wrapt in pious meditation, from the grated window of her tower the orphan of the monastery contemplated the smiling scenery of Underlach. On the west, towards lake Morat, a lofty mountain fixed her attention:—"Mother Ursula," said Elodie to the old keeper of the convent, "how brilliant are the rays of the setting sun reflected on that immense hill!" "Pious virgin!" exclaimed Ursula, "turn aside your eyes; that is the *wild mountain*, inhabited by the *Recluse*." Mother Ursula trembled, as if alarmed at the very words she had uttered. The niece of Herstatt questioned her no further; lightly descending the staircase of her tower, she entered the gardens of the monastery. "Who is this Recluse of the wild mountain?" thought Elodie; "his very name inspires terror, and yet the whole country proclaims his good deeds."

Baron Herstatt now advanced towards his niece, followed by father Anselmo, a reverend priest, the old pastor of the hamlet of Underlach. Roused from her reverie by the approach of her adopted father, the orphan bent her way towards the monastery: "Venerable Anselmo," said she, after a few moments' silence, "have you ever seen the Recluse of the wild mountain?" "Niece only," replied the priest, somewhat amazed at the question. "One stormy evening, as I was returning from Avanches, I perceived a boat tossed to and fro on the agitated surface of the lake. A fisherman, his wife and child, filled the trembling skiff. The little party had nearly reached the shore in safety, when, driven against a rock by a sudden gust of wind, the boat sunk beneath the ice. I uttered an exclamation of horror! Soon, however, the fisherman appeared on the surface of the lake, bearing his wife in his arms. They reached the shore.

The man fell as if deprived of sense, but the woman knelt down, and in a tone of frantic agony, exclaimed, *my child! my child!* At that moment, a stranger of majestic stature appeared on the bank of the lake. Throwing off his long black mantle, he plunged into the water; and, in a few moments re-appeared, holding in one hand the little being whom he had rescued from death. The grateful mother threw herself at his feet, bathed in tears. At this moment, the stranger perceiving me, snatched up his mantle and instantly disappeared."

During the recital of Anselmo, Elodie had, by turns, shed tears of sorrow and of joy. Herstatt, approaching his friend, said, "You have never since beheld this extraordinary man?" "Never! the Recluse shuns mankind, avoids conversation, eludes all inquiry, and is known only by the benevolent actions he performs." "Mysterious being!" exclaimed Herstatt; "his conduct bespeaks a magnanimous soul; yet, why fly the sight of men? why conceal himself in caverns and forests?" "For my own part," replied Anselmo, "I dare not judge him; vice may assume the disguise of virtue; but perhaps my suspicions are ill-founded; I hope it is so." With these words they reached the walls of the abbey, and the friends separated.

Anselmo possessed all the pious virtues of the pastors of the primitive ages; but he also evinced the intolerant severity of the priests of the fifteenth century. Following the impulse of his heart, he was always an indulgent apostle; but, following the line of his principles, he was sometimes a fanatical minister.

Elodie had just attained her eighteenth year. Educated in solitude, simple, ingenious, and pure, she had heard of the world, its pleasures, its grandeurs, and its dangers, without comprehending their meaning; the valley of Underlach was the universe to her. She had been told of other climates and other lands, without wishing to know them. From the towers of the abbey, gazing on the enchanting scenery of Morat, or raising her eyes towards the azure canopy of heaven, she saw enough to teach her to admire the glories of God.

Elodie was the daughter of the

count de Saint-Maur, and, at her birth, was the heiress to immense wealth and an illustrious name. She had lost all; but, ignorant of worldly greatness, the orphan was also a stranger to regret.

The count de Saint-Maur had, in the field, guided the first steps of the count de Charolais, afterwards Charles the Bold. Louis XI., at that time Dauphin, to avoid the effects of his father's anger, took refuge at the court of Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, and a warm friendship speedily arose between him and the young count de Charolais, the son of the duke; but, in characters so opposite as those of Charles and Louis, sentiments of affection could not possibly be lasting.

Louis XI., an accomplished dissembler, was never more to be feared than when he appeared least dangerous. If expressions of friendship issued from his lips, thoughts of hatred were ever cherished in his heart. Jealous and perfidious he never pardoned superiority or power. To humble virtue and elevate vice was his invariable system.

His young companion Charles, on the contrary, was generous and sincere, enthusiastic and magnanimous, yielding without reserve to his passions; even in his earliest boyhood he gave indications of that undaunted spirit which gained for him the appellations of the *Bold*, the *Terrible* and the *Rash*.

On the death of Charles VII. the Dauphin was called to the throne, and war was speedily declared between France and Burgundy. Shortly afterwards Philip the Good likewise closed his earthly career, and Charles having become duke of Burgundy, yielding to the natural impetuosity of his character, set no bounds to his ambition. He even formed the design of extending his conquests to Switzerland and Germany.

Loaded with riches and honours, united to the sister of baron Herstatt, and the father of Elodie, the count de Saint-Maur had never quitted his youthful sovereignty. Alarmed at the aggrandizement of Burgundy, Louis XI. and his emissaries had planted discord in the armies of Charles, and the spirit of rebellion arose in his dominions. The count de Saint-Maur ventured

to remonstrate with his prince on the danger of his enterprises; but without success. Disappointed and vexed, the count slowly retired across the royal gallery. Charles was on the point of recalling his old friend, when a dreadful tumult arose in the court-yard of the palace. The prince heard the multitude with transport vociferating the name of Saint-Maur, he seized his sword, and, followed by a few knights, rushed out to disperse the rebels. Saint-Maur, surrounded on every side, fell bathed in his blood, and the populace accused the prince himself of having slain the companion and tutor of his boyhood. One crime inevitably leads to the commission of another. The duke declared the count de Saint-Maur guilty of high treason, and his immense possessions were confiscated. His widowed countess, with her infant daughter, fled to the mountains of Switzerland, where her brother, baron Herstatt, then resided. Death speedily terminated the afflictions of the countess. "Herstatt," said she, with her parting breath, "to you I bequeath my only treasure, my beloved Elodie. Never, if possible, suffer her to quit this peaceful valley. Let her be ignorant of the grandeur of the world, and the miseries they bring in their possessors."—Baron Herstatt, who had himself renounced the world, promised to devote his life to the care of the orphan of Underlach.

Elodie, Anselmo, and the baron, had assembled to partake their morning repast.—"Father," said the daughter of Saint-Maur, addressing herself to the pastor of Underlach, "not far from Lake Morat is a rock which the inhabitants of these countries dare not venture to approach. It is called the *terrible peak*, and the mountaineers say, that a *bleeding phantom* has been seen there. What means these superstitions?" Daughter," replied Anselmo, "if you had travelled through Switzerland, these things would not surprise you. Every village of Helvetia has its miracle. Here a phantom appears clad in a robe of scarlet; at Valengin a fiery serpent is said to issue from a fountain; at Brevaix an old willow pronounces oracles; at Merligen there is a black well inhabited by a white fairy."—"I have heard," said Herstatt, "that ever since the dread-

ful pillage of the abbey the phantom has appeared on the peak, and the mountaineers assert that they can recognise in the spectre the features of the murdered prior of Underlach. But, a truce with superstitions: the morning is fine, let us enjoy it; this, my friend, is perhaps the last spring which you and I are destined to see."

They descended to the gardens of the priory. Elodie separated from Herstatt and Anselmo, and retiring to her favourite grove, her attention was suddenly attracted by the print of a strange foot on the sand. She entered her pavilion: her basket remained on the spot where she left it; but an unknown hand had removed a blue ribbon, which she had worn round her waist on the preceding day. The astonished maid of Underlach seated herself in her rustic chair, and remained for a few moments pensive and immovable. Suddenly, through a window of the pavilion, a black cloak appeared gliding among the foliage: she thought she heard a mournful sound issue from the neighbouring shrubbery; the piercing glance of an unknown eye seemed fixed upon her; she flew to the monastery, and her aerial course was like that of a light cloud wafted by the evening breeze.

For several days Elodie dared not separate from her venerable protector; she avoided the pavilion, and feared to be alone in the gardens of the abbey. By degrees, however, she overcame her alarm and resumed her gaiety; her thoughts were no longer occupied with phantoms, and she asked no more questions concerning the *Recluse of the Wild Mountain*.

The bell had tolled for vespers. Already the villagers of Underlach are assembled in the chapel of the priory. Beneath the sacred roof, Elodie, on her knees, offered up a prayer for the safety of her adopted father; when suddenly, a deep groan, uttered by some one near her, disturbed her pious meditations. By the feeble rays of light which penetrated the gothic window of the chapel, she perceived a stranger wrapt in a long mantle and almost prostrate on the ground. He was engaged in fervent prayer, and from his bosom had issued the mournful sound which roused the attention of Elodie. All the inhabitants of Underlach were known

to her: the stranger, therefore, could only be a pious traveller who had accidentally visited the church of the valley. His features were concealed, his head supported against a pillar; and his motionless form appeared as inanimate as the marble on which he leaned.

The evening service being ended, the villagers slowly withdrew: Elodie cast a parting glance on the stranger, and left the church. She had nearly crossed the dark gallery, the old refectory of the monastery, when she heard the sound of footsteps behind her. The timid Elodie turned and beheld a man of colossal stature advancing towards her. She immediately recognised the stranger of the chapel. His tall and elegant figure, his majestic and dignified air, all announced superiority. He advanced, and drawing from beneath his cloak a blue ribbon, he silently presented it to the daughter of Saint-Maur. What was her surprise to behold the very ribbon which she had missed from the pavilion. Elodie raised her eyes towards the stranger, whom her imagination already represented as a supernatural being. "Maid of Underlach," said he, "pardon the victim of adversity, who, unable to controul his actions, believed that a ribbon which had been worn by innocence, would have acted as a celestial talisman, to purify his gloomy abode and to restore peace to his soul.—But, far from healing, it has added new poison to his wounds. Take back the fatal girdle, and sometimes, angel of the valley, when it meets your eyes, pity the guilty being who robbed you of it." At this moment a feeble ray of light fell on the countenance of the stranger. His fine black eyes were no longer fixed on Elodie, but raised towards Heaven. Elodie remarked the beauty of his features; she gazed on him, admired him, and trembled.

After a short pause, the stranger led the orphan to one of the windows of the gallery, and with a trembling hand, pointing to Heaven, "There," said he, "if repentance can close the abyss, there only, I may say, *I love you!*"—"Leave me," exclaimed the terrified Elodie, "I understand you not!"—With these words, having disengaged her hand from his grasp, she rapidly fled through the gallery, the gardens, and the

court of the abbey, and gained her solitary tower. Seated at her window, with uplifted eyes, "There," said Elodie, repeating the words of the stranger, "*if repentance can close the abyss, there only, I may say, I love you!*"—Gracious Heaven!" continued the trembling maid, "what dreadful fate awaits me!"

The wind began to howl beneath the outward arches of the cloister, the rain fell in torrents, and the old monastery seemed to be shaken by the fury of the tempest. Elodie, pale and trembling, descended to the apartment of Herstatt. The old man observed her agitation, which, however, he attributed to the alarm occasioned by the storm. But Elodie never concealed her thoughts from her venerable protector; dissimulation was a stranger to her soul. She candidly related what had taken place in the pavilion, the disappearance of her ribbon, and the scene in the gallery.—"Who can this mysterious stranger be?" said Herstatt—"all the inhabitants of the country are known to me; none resembles the portrait you have drawn, unless it be"—"Who?" exclaimed Elodie, eagerly. "*The Recluse of the Wild Mountain,*" replied Herstatt. At these words Elodie shuddered; she threw herself into her chair, and remained silent for some minutes.

The door opened, and Anselmo appeared. "A dreadful misfortune has happened in the village," said the venerable pastor. "During the storm, old Marcelina's cottage, situated at the foot of the mountain of Underlach, has been washed away by an avalanche."—"And what has become of Marcelina?" inquired Elodie.—"She has escaped," continued Anselmo, "but has lost all she possessed. Poverty will now embitter her old age."

Marcelina had long dwelt in the valley of Underlach. Where she was born, or where she had passed her youth, nobody knew. She was evidently the victim of adversity; yet she cautiously avoided every subject of conversation that revived the recollection of her past misfortunes. She had received a superior education; her language was pure and energetic; her manners were simple, yet nothing could be more exalted than her sentiments, more enthusiastic than her discourse. She

was the oracle of the valley. The mountaineers consulted her on all occasions of moment, and scrupulously followed her advice; like the sibyl of the Bructeri, Marcelina was the prophetess of Underlach.

Elodie arose with the first rays of the sun; sleep had not closed her eyelids; yet the idea of administering consolation to the afflicted banished every gloomy thought. Accompanied by Herstatt and Anselmo, she directed her course towards the spot where Marcelina's hut had lately stood. What a frightful spectacle presented itself to their view! Instead of the cottage, a vast gulph now yawned before them. The genius of destruction seemed to preside over the melancholy scene.

At the brink of the torrent the maid of Underlach perceived Marcelina; she flew to meet her. "Amiable Elodie," said Marcelina, "weep not for my misfortunes, they are already repaired. See," continued she, drawing forth a purse full of gold, "here is enough to build three huts like that I have lost." "Good mother," exclaimed the astonished Elodie, "who has thus promptly assisted you?" "Who!" exclaimed Marcelina with enthusiasm, "he whose charitable hand diffuses happiness throughout these cantons; the genius of benevolence; the Recluse of the Wild Mountain!" "Incomprehensible man!" exclaimed Herstatt. Elodie questioned Marcelina respecting her benefactor; Marcelina described him minutely, and the daughter of Saint-Maur was now convinced that the stranger of the chapel was no other than the Recluse.

Since her visit to the cottage of Marcelina, Elodie no longer dwelt with horror on the recollection of what had passed in the gallery. Her fear of being followed in her solitary walks had entirely vanished. Sometimes, indeed, she glided through the park with the secret hope of being observed; and one evening her basket was left, almost voluntarily, in the pavilion. Nothing, however, occurred to interrupt her solitude. Since the fatal hurricane, no unfortunate event had visited the valley; and the Recluse, who had become invisible, seemed to have forsaken the country.

The last traces of the storm had now disappeared, and the valley of

Underlach was again clothed in all the luxuriance of spring. The sky was pure and cloudless, and the silence of the morning was interrupted only by the strains of the nightingale and the distant murmur of the waterfalls. Elodie, seated on the romantic banks of the torrent of Underlach, touched the harmonious chords of her lute, which resounded through the forest like the plaintive sighs of the harp of Malvina in the caves of Morven. Across the torrent a rustic bridge formed a majestic arch crowned with groups of fir-trees.

Elodie suddenly paused and laid aside her lute, for she beheld on the peak of Underlach, along the path leading to the village, what at first appeared to be a moving line of fire. In a moment she descried helmets, bucklers and lances, glistening in the rays of the sun. A troop of warriors descend the mountain. The daughter of Saint-Maur remained for a few moments immovable. The superb harnessing of the horses, the glittering helmets of the soldiers, the white plumes of the knights, their banners, shields, devices, scarfs, &c., all presented a scene such as she had never before beheld. Having, in some measure, recovered from her surprise, she fled in haste to the abbey, leaving her lute suspended on the bridge of the torrent.

Herstatt was seeking to conjecture the cause of this unexpected event, when the tramping of horses was heard in the court-yard. In a few moments, count Egbert de Norindall, the chief of the party of knights, appeared before him, and explained the cause of his visit.

On the defeat and death of Charles the Bold, René, duke of Lorraine, had returned to his capital. Louis XI., however, laid claim to the territory of Lorraine, and sent an army to invade Nanci. The Swiss cantons had taken a lively interest in behalf of the young duke, who was adored by his people. Count Egbert de Norindall had been sent by the duke of Lorraine to solicit reinforcements from the Helvetian republic, and having in part succeeded in his important mission, the count, on his way back to Nanci, followed by a numerous escort, crossed the valley of Underlach. The family of count Egbert was known to Herstatt, and the old man

received the knight and his followers in the most friendly manner. Egbert had been educated at the court of Charles the Bold, and had accompanied that prince in his warlike expeditions. At the battle in which the hero of Burgundy fell, Egbert was made prisoner before the walls of Nanci. René had heard of the brilliant valour of the count de Norindall, and sought the friendship of the illustrious warrior. The duke of Lorraine shed tears to the memory of the unfortunate Charles, and Egbert found, in the society of René, some alleviation of his sorrow. Gratitude was succeeded by affection, and the count de Norindall, loaded with the favours of his prince, was now one of the principal chiefs of the army of Lorraine. Egbert was in the spring of life, and, possessing the advantages of high birth and a handsome person, he was one of the most brilliant knights of the court of René.

Anxious to show hospitality to the defenders of Lorraine, Herstatt prepared a banquet in the large gallery of the monastery. Count Egbert and his followers had already assembled; Herstatt advances, and Elodie, like another Antigone, supports his trembling steps. What a moment for the fair daughter of Saint-Maur! All eyes were immediately fixed upon her; her beauty seemed to have made a sudden and deep impression on the count de Norindall. "So young and beautiful," said Egbert, as he led her to her seat, "can it be possible that you inhabit this monastery alone?" "I am not alone," replied Elodie, "I live happily in the society of Herstatt, my adopted father; I wish for no other pleasure than I enjoy here." "Because you know no other," said Egbert. "And should I be happier if I did?" inquired Elodie. The knights observed their chief; he was evidently captivated by the charms of the young orphan. Elodie, on her side, gazed with wonder on the brilliant scene before her. The heroes she now beheld appeared like demi-gods, compared with the rude mountaineers of Underlach.

The banquet being ended, the count de Norindall conducted Elodie to the hall of the abbey, and then gracefully took his leave. On retiring to her apartment, the daugh-

ter of Saint-Maur was agitated by a thousand confused sentiments. For the first time she had found herself an object of admiration amidst a brilliant circle. Egbert, the illustrious friend of René, had not, indeed, that evening fallen at her feet; but to-morrow, perhaps * * * * * Elodie advanced to the grated window of her tower, and, kneeling down, implored the forgiveness of heaven for the extravagant dream she had, for a moment, indulged. She then cast her eyes towards the wild mountain, and immediately her thoughts turned on the Recluse. The count de Norindall, his knights, the court of Lorraine, all instantly vanished from her mind.

At break of day, Elodie arose to enjoy her favourite walk. On arriving within sight of the torrent, what was her surprise to behold a mountaineer playing on the lute which she had left behind her on the preceding day. His dress was that of a hunter; a bow and quiver lay at his feet. Elodie was seized with a mingled sensation of surprise and terror. She, in the hunter, recognized the features of the Recluse; those sublime features which were indelibly engraven on her memory. Never, she thought, was man endowed with more perfect beauty. The hunter took up his bow, hastily crossed the bridge, ascended the path leading to the summit of the mountain, and disappeared among the fir-trees.

On her way to the monastery, Elodie passed Marcelina's cottage; "Come, angel of the valley," said the enthusiastic Marcelina, "I have to inform you that the mysterious Recluse watches over your destiny. 'To-morrow,' said he, 'seek the maid of Underlach, and say to her, the duke of Lorraine has promised his sister in marriage to count de Norindall. The rising passion of Egbert for another than his betrothed bride, may open a gulf of misery to all!'" "Can it be possible!" exclaimed Elodie, "the troops of Lorraine are scarcely arrived at the monastery, and already the Recluse knows their chief, his name, his engagements, and even the secret of his love!" "Maid of Underlach," resumed Marcelina, "neglect not the warning of the genius of the mountain; nothing is unknown to him; nothing is beyond his power;

avoid Egbert of Norindall, and rely on the Recluse."

The Count de Norindall and his companions had sojourned for some days at the abbey. Egbert vainly endeavoured to overcome his passion for Elodie, and the secret of his heart now no longer escaped the observation of his friends.

The maid of Underlach was loitering in the gardens of the old convent, when the Count de Norindall unexpectedly appeared before her, "Amiable Elodie," said Egbert, "long ere this my duty required me to quit the vale of Underlach. What magic detains me?—What unknown power rivets me to this spot?—Alas! once I defied this magic, and doubted the existence of such a power!—Prostrate at your feet, the friend of the Duke of Lorraine proffers to you, not the splendour of his rank and fortune, that cannot dazzle you, but the homage of a sincere heart, which now for the first time truly loves. What is your reply?" "That he is not master of his destiny," said Elodie, "that he has already pledged his faith, and that none but the august sister of René can be the bride of Norindall." "What do I hear?" exclaimed Egbert, "can a vague project, known only to a few intimate friends of René, a secret of the court of Nanci, have reached this solitary retreat! The Duke of Lorraine, it is true, has offered me his sister's hand; but I am bound by no engagement. I shall, indeed, by my refusal, forfeit the friendship of René; but, love has wrought a transformation in my soul; glory, fortune, honours, no longer charm me; angelic Elodie, deign to smile on me, and Underlach will be Elysium." "Count de Norindall," replied the daughter of Saint-Maur, "I am at a loss to comprehend the language which you address to me. Why talk to me of marriage! Baron Herstatt must dispose of my hand. Why talk to me of love! 'tis that to which I must not listen." With these words Elodie returned to the monastery.

She had not been long in her apartment when she was summoned to attend Baron Herstatt. He was alone; Egbert had just left him. "My dear Elodie," said the old man, "the Count de Norindall has solicited your hand in marriage. His fortune, his rank, his reputation, his valour,

all are brilliant and spotless.—What answer shall I return to him? Educated in this solitary cloister, you have known only our wild mountaineers; your heart cannot have been susceptible to passion, and Count Egbert is worthy of your love." "Father," replied Elodie, the valiant Egbert is doubtless destined to fill an exalted sphere; I am not worthy to be the companion of his glory; I should be misplaced amid the splendour of courts; the wild flowers of our valley perish when transplanted to other climes. Call to mind the last prayers of the unfortunate widow of Saint-Maur. Think of the words which my mother addressed to you on her death-bed! Sooner than disobey the dying mandate of my mother, I will, among these mountains, devote my life to the service of religion. The daughter of Saint Maur is free in her choice; she can never be the bride of the Count de Norindall!" She pronounced these words with a degree of firmness that astonished Herstatt. Her determination appeared to be irrevocable. The old man blamed her refusal; but the last exhortation of his dying sister was present to his recollection. He had promised to use no constraint in disposing of Elodie; and his promise was sacred.

What words can express the grief and mortification of Egbert. The orphan had disdained his hand—had rejected his splendid offer!—Mounted on a fiery courser, the Count de Norindall quitted the Abbey of Underlach. The warlike trumpet, the neighing of steeds, the clang of arms, no longer resounded through the vaults of the abbey. The daughter of Saint-Maur secretly reproached herself for having refused the hand of Egbert. But for the late appearance of the Recluse near the bridge of the torrent, and her recent conversation with Marcelina, Elodie would not have hesitated in her reply to Baron Herstatt. But these new proofs of the lively interest which the mysterious inhabitant of the Wild Mountain took in her behalf, had gained complete ascendancy over her mind.

Herstatt's health was rapidly declining. The monastery, its dependencies, all that he possessed, were, at his death, to be the inheritance of Elodie. But alone, without a pro-

teCTOR and guide, what would be the lot of the orphan. The Countess Imberg, a distant relation of Herstatt, who had long resided at the court of Lorraine, possessed several chateaux in Switzerland. To this lady Herstatt addressed the most urgent prayers in favour of his niece, begging that at his death she would become to her a mother.

The burning heat of summer was now succeeded by the refreshing breezes of autumn. The Recluse seemed to have forsaken the valley, and the maid of Underlach became every day more pensive and melancholy. One evening, seated in the garden of the monastery, her eyes turned towards the neighbouring mountain—"How many days and years," said she, "has that white veil covered the mountain's top; venerable oaks and warlike monuments have perished before it; it has survived our oldest patriarchs; and will still remain long after the village of Underlach shall have forgotten the orphan of the abbey, and ceased to bless the Recluse."

She was startled by a loud noise at the gate of the park, and suddenly a knight armed cap-a-pie, appeared before her. The terrified maid of Underlach was about to fly, but the unknown knight detained her. He raised his vizor, and Elodie recognized Egbert. The Count de Norindall seized the trembling hand of the orphan, and, in spite of her shrieks and resistance, conveyed her to a carriage, escorted by several knights, which stood in readiness to receive the victim at the gate of the park. Elodie threw herself at the feet of the Count. "Egbert! noble Egbert!" she exclaimed, you are not capable of such monstrous wickedness. Magnanimous knight! can it be possible that you now, for the first time, turn a deaf ear to the voice of distress?" "Rise, angelic creature," said the Count, "honour and virtue are still dear to me; do not therefore, compel me to violate either. You may yet retract your first refusal. Recall Egbert to the monastery.—What! not a word of pity? not even a consoling look?—Cruel Elodie! is it so odious a lot to be the bride of Egbert?—But it is plain you hate me. We shall soon cross the valley; when we reach the torrent—point to the gulf—I will obey—I will, without scruple, end a

life, which, without you, is insupportable."

They took the road leading to the village. Egbert rode beside the carriage of Elodie. As they approached the torrent, a voice of thunder seemed to resound through the forest. At the extremity of the bridge stood a gigantic warrior in an attitude of defiance. His huge emblazoned buckler resembled the shield of the son of Thetis! Already the soldiers of Egbert have advanced to attack their intrepid opponent, who seemed ready to annihilate all who approached him. The companions of the Count were hurled one by one into the torrent, and Egbert, sword in hand, furiously rushed forward to attack the warrior. At sight of the Count de Norindall, the unknown knight was filled with astonishment; he fell back a few paces, and, in an authoritative tone, exclaimed "Stop!" He threw down the immense shield which almost concealed his handsome figure, and, as he raised the vizor of his helmet, the light of the moon shone full on the noble features of the son of victory, who stood, like the king of the gods, darting his thunder-bolts from mount Ida. What was the surprise of Elodie to recognize the hunter of the mountain; her deliverer is no other than the Recluse!

A sudden terror seemed to have taken possession of Egbert! The Recluse uttered not a word, but pointed with his sword, towards the Wild Mountain. Egbert understood the mysterious sign.—"I will attend you," he exclaimed, and immediately ascended the rock. The Recluse mounted one of the steeds which had belonged to the companions of Egbert. He approached Elodie's carriage, which now took the road to the monastery. With what grace and vigour the hero curbed the fiery impetuosity of his courser. Ah! thought Elodie, what marvellous exploits must have distinguished his illustrious life; what innumerable laurels must have crowned his victorious brow; on the field of honour, how must his invincible arm have dealt destruction on his foes! But the chariot soon reached the monastery, and the Recluse disappeared. Herstatt once more pressed the orphan to his bosom. Informed of all the circumstances of the fatal evening, he returned thanks to the Al-

mighty and the valiant deliverer of his adopted child. Elodie, overcome with fatigue, retired to her apartment. Herstall consulted his friend Anselmo; he dreaded some new act of violence on the part of the Count de Norindall. On the following day, however, the daughter of Saint-Maur received a letter from the Count. He implored her forgiveness, assured her that she had no reason to dread further violence, and begged her to put faith in the sincerity of his repentance. He solicited the favor of an interview before he should quit Switzerland forever.

The hour appointed for the interview approached. Elodie repaired to the hall of the monastery to receive the friend of René. At length Count Egbert appeared. His countenance was pale and dejected: "Noble daughter of Saint-Maur," said he, "to grant me a moment's conversation is to afford me the hope of pardon.—Egbert is no longer to be feared; he forever renounces Elodie, love, happiness, and—why may he not add—life!" "Count Egbert," said Elodie,—"Spare me!" he exclaimed, interrupting her, "let not the sweet melody of your voice salute my ear, or I again fall at your feet; let not the bright eyes of Elodie ever meet mine, or no human power can tear me from this spot—all my solemn oaths to the Recluse will be forgotten!" "Your oaths to the Recluse!" said the astonished maid of Underlach. "Yes," replied Egbert, wildly, "I have sworn to renounce you! I have sworn never more to trouble your repose!" The Recluse imperatively required this sacrifice, in spite of my tears—the first I ever shed." Every word uttered by Count Norindall increased the amazement of Elodie.—"Egbert," said she, "it is then to the Recluse that I am indebted for your noble repentance, your generous resolution?"—"Ask me no questions," interrupted the Count with vehemence, "I dare not betray his secrets—you yourself would tremble to hear them!" then, in a more tranquil tone, he added, "Elodie, if my assistance should ever be useful to her, over whose destiny the watchful eye of the Recluse is fixed, the unhappy Count de Norindall is ready to perish in your service."—With these words he withdrew, leaving Elodie lost in astonishment.

How, thought she, can the obscure hermit of the mountain controul the actions of the powerful Count de Norindall? By what right is he the arbiter of his destiny?

Herstall could ill conceal his disappointment at having been unable to prevail on his niece to follow Count Egbert to the altar: "Anselmo," said he to his venerable friend, "I am at a loss to explain the indifference of Elodie. The young, the gay, the intrepid Count de Norindall united in his person all that could charm the heart of woman.—Yet, strange to say, Elodie disdains the most captivating of men, is insensible to the most passionate of lovers. Yet, Anselmo, the more I think on it, the more I am convinced that another has made an impression on her heart." "But, in this solitary retreat," inquired Anselmo, who could have acquired any ascendancy over her?" "Who!" replied Herstall, "he who is at once the admiration and the terror of the surrounding country; he whose name is on all lips, and whose benevolence is engraven on all hearts; in fine, the Recluse—the man of mystery!"—"Impossible!" exclaimed Anselmo. "I know, resumed Herstall, "that they have seen each other, and have conversed together. Mark me, Anselmo! Elodie is in the age of illusion and enthusiasm; the Recluse is still in the flower of life, and is one of the handsomest of men. Even before she saw him, her imagination pictured him as a kind of tutelary saint. The beauty of his person operated as a new spell; a being almost celestial addressed to her the language of passion. These enchantments were irresistible! Every thing tends to convince me that the hermit of Underlach is a man of superior rank. He has dictated commands to the proud Count de Norindall! the friend of the Duke of Lorraine has fallen at the feet of the Recluse!—Can I longer doubt the power of the conqueror of Egbert, and his love for the orphan?—I will instantly repair to the Wild Mountain!"—"You, Herstall!" exclaimed Anselmo.—"Why not?" inquired Herstall. I know that, according to popular superstition, a dreadful death awaits him who may venture to approach the abode of the Recluse; but why should such absurdities terrify me, when, probably,

the happiness of Elodie depends upon this interview?"

At daybreak, on the following morning, the old man arose and set out on his portentous journey. The hours passed heavily away. Elodie sat in the great balcony of the monastery, with her eyes alternately fixed on the Wild Mountain and raised towards Heaven. Evening approached. Herstall ought long since to have returned! "What can detain him?" Impatience is succeeded by fear. The red beams of the setting sun rested on the summit of the Wild Mountain. The maid of Underlach uttered a shriek of horror; she thought she saw a line of blood drawn between her and the mountain.

She hastily withdrew from the balcony, and, addressing herself to mother Ursula, "Follow me," she said, "we must instantly repair in quest of Herstall!" "To the Wild Mountain?" inquired the trembling Ursula. "No matter, follow me without delay." She crossed the park, and soon reached the bridge of the torrent, near the entrance to the forest. A violent storm arose, lengthened peals of thunder seemed to shake the very earth, and the darkness of the forest was relieved by vivid flashes of lightning.

Elodie had already left mother Ursula at a considerable distance behind her, and appeared resolved on the sacrifice of her life. Suddenly a hollow groan was heard; it seemed to be the last effort of one struggling in the agonies of death. She stood for a moment petrified with horror; but quickly recovering, flew to the group of trees whence the dismal sound had issued. The body of a man, apparently lifeless, lay stretched upon the ground. A large black cloak concealed his figure. Elodie summoned all her resolution, approached, drew aside the mantle, and recognized—Herstall!

At this horrible spectacle the air resounded with her shrieks. In the mean while Ursula had come to her assistance. "I perceive no wound," said Elodie, "perhaps he has only swooned. Ursula, hasten to the village—prompt assistance may yet restore him."

Ursula departed, and speedily returned, accompanied by two shepherds. Herstall, extended on a litter, was borne down the mountain

by the shepherds. The mournful convoy, followed by Elodie, silently passed through the village and reached the court-yard of the abbey.

Medical aid was speedily administered to Herstatt. Anselmo, the Æsculapius of the valley, devoted his whole attention to his dying friend, but without the hope of rescuing him from death. Not a word of consolation escaped the lips of the venerable pastor, and his silence seemed to forebode the death of Herstatt. After a few days, however, the patient began to recognize those by whom he was surrounded. He endeavoured to address a few words to Elodie; vain effort, his tongue was paralysed and mute! Father Anselmo," said Elodie, "do not deceive me; this dreadful state cannot be natural!—Herstatt is the victim of some atrocious enemy!"—"His symptoms," replied Anselmo, "do not lead to a suspicion that his illness is occasioned by violent means. Herstatt fell in the forest by a stroke of apoplexy."

This answer seemed to remove a weight from the heart of Elodie. "O my father," said she, bending over the couch of Herstatt, "do not forsake your child. Fatal journey," she continued, "the excessive fatigue; your interview with the Recluse—" at the name of the Recluse, Herstatt appeared suddenly seized with horror. His eye flashed with rage. A violent effort like a deadly convulsion, restored motion to his lips; and a few words scarcely intelligible escaped them. "The monster!—wretched Elodie! Fly!"—"The struggle was over. Between the maid of Underlach and her adopted parent the curtain of eternity had already fallen! The inconsolable Elodie, thus bereft of the friend of her youth, seemed unable to survive him. Her life was on the point of falling a sacrifice to the violence of her grief.

By degrees, however, the pious consolations of Anselmo somewhat restored her. The last wishes of Herstatt had been fulfilled. His mortal remains were deposited in the garden of the monastery, beneath a cluster of trees, whose thick foliage excluded the rays of the sun. No sculptured monument adorned his sepulchre. No pompous inscription recorded his virtues. A simple crucifix rose above the rustic

grave. On recovering her strength, Elodie's first thought was to visit the tomb of Herstatt. At the approach of evening, she silently stole across the park, and, bathed in tears, prostrated herself at the foot of the cross. Absorbed in meditation, she suffered the moments to slip away unobserved. Repelling with horror the recollection of the Recluse, she repeated to herself the dying words of Herstatt.

The shades of night already obscured the dismal grove. Astonished at her long reverie, the maid of Underlach slowly raised her head. But what object met her eyes!—leaning against one of the trees, before her stood the hunter of the mountain, contemplating her in silence, and motionless as a statue. The calm serenity of the conqueror of Egbert, the tender expression of his countenance, instantly banished every thought of terror from the mind of Elodie. She fancied she saw him shed a pious tear on the grave of Herstatt. His visit to the grave, which could only be to pay the last homage to the memory of her father, filled her heart with joy and gratitude, and the Recluse was already pardoned. "Maid of Underlach," said he advancing towards her, "you have thought me guilty!—You have accused me of the death of Herstatt!—I wish to justify myself in your presence. Before this revered cross, in the face of Heaven, I swear that the Wild Mountain has never yet been polluted by the crimes of the Recluse." With these words, he placed his hand on the sacred sign of the Redemption, and seemed to challenge every power, human or divine, to gainsay his solemn declaration. "I see," continued he, "that your heart acquits me.—Adieu!" "And we part, perhaps forever," said Elodie, making an involuntary movement to detain him. "How!" resumed the Recluse, "do you deign to honour me with a regret?" "Were you not my deliverer?" said Elodie, with a trembling voice. In a fit of transport, the hunter of the mountain threw himself at her feet. "Angelic girl," he exclaimed, "why force me to break all my resolutions!—Why tear from me the fatal confession that I love you! Like a celestial being sent to enliven this gloomy retreat, you have restored

me to existence. In this world, Elodie is all to me; and yet Elodie can never be mine!" "Never!" repeated the orphan; and in that word of tenderness and despair the sentiments of her heart were fully developed. The Recluse gazed on her for a few moments in silence. Then in the most impassioned tone, "Elodie," he exclaimed, "can it be possible!—Elodie, do you love me? Then Heaven has at length pardoned me.—I may hope for happiness. I have only a heart to offer; but that heart is burning with love!—Come then charming Elodie, and change my dreary abode to Elysium!" With these words he took the hand of the maid of Underlach, and was about to lead her from the grove. "Stay," she exclaimed, "whither would you conduct me?" "To the Wild Mountain! to love! to happiness!" replied the Recluse with transport. "No," said Elodie, resisting him with energy, "I dare not follow you; leave me!" The mysterious man instantly released her hand. "Pardon," said he, "a momentary fit of phrenzy.—What have I presumed to hope! That you would follow me to a desert rock! Was I worthy of such a sacrifice!—No, Elodie you are free! But, if any misfortune should threaten you, if my presence can ever rescue from danger, kindle the watch-light on the high tower of the abbey, and the Recluse will instantly appear before you." He then hastily crossed the garden, and in a moment was out of sight.

Early on the following morning, Anselmo visited the monastery. He held a paper in his hand. "Here," said he, "is a letter which I have just received from the countess Imberg. To-morrow you may expect her at the abbey." The orphan perused the letter. The countess seemed to take a lively interest in her fate. Her language was affectionate, and her heart appeared to be noble and benevolent.

Elodie had just completed the necessary arrangements for the reception of her noble guest, when a confused noise was heard in the court-yard. The countess had arrived with a numerous retinue of knights, squires, and pages, and immediately tumult and confusion prevailed throughout the monastery. Elodie swiftly descended the grand

staircase, and at the vestibule received the countess, who was attended by a brilliant escort. Near her stood a knight in full armour. "Dear Elodie," said the countess Imberg, presenting the maid of Underlach to the warrior who accompanied her, "allow me to introduce you to my friend the prince of Palzo, the head of one of the most illustrious families in Germany. He insisted on escorting me across the mountains, and I have prevailed on him to remain for a few days, at the monastery. I need not express the pleasure I feel in thus having an opportunity of introducing my valiant knight to my adopted niece." The orphan made a profound obedience to the prince of Palzo, whose eyes continued for some minutes immovably fixed upon her.

The countess expressed herself highly satisfied with the apartments which had been prepared for her; and when she retired to her chamber to take a few hours repose, she seemed to separate from Elodie with regret. Though an adept in the art of dissembling, the countess Imberg was famed for her sincerity. She seemed constantly occupied in spreading a veil of mystery over her good actions; and yet their minutest details invariably reached the public ear. Though a slave to all the vanities of the world, she spoke of luxury with disdain; though of a despotic temper, she declaimed against tyranny; though ambitious, she extolled the happiness of humble life. Dignified and graceful in her manners, affable in conversation, she was the idol of the multitude, and the oracle of her numerous admirers.

The prince of Palzo had attained the meridian of life. A general in the service of the duke of Lorraine, bearing an illustrious name, and possessed of immense wealth, he nevertheless complained of the rigours of fortune. A skilful conspirator, he possessed the art of flattering the passions of the multitude, exciting discontent, and fomenting hatred. An eloquent orator, no one knew better how to employ the magical words of liberty and independence. Louis XI. had remarked the prince of Palzo. Such a man precisely suited his political views. Louis had already rendered himself master of one of the provinces of

the duke of Lorraine, and had kindled the fire of discord in Nancy. Secret negotiations were set on foot between his ministers and the prince of Palzo. A vast conspiracy was organised. The rebellious subjects of René, instigated by the agents of the French king, were ready to hoist the standard of revolution. They wanted only a chief, and they fixed their choice on the prince of Palzo. The prince proceeded to Switzerland, where numerous bands of conspirators were ready to join him. The duke of Lorraine was to be invested on all sides, and Louis held out to the prince of Palzo the hope of the sovereignty of a province.

The departure of the countess Imberg for the abbey of Underlach wonderfully facilitated the plans of the chief of the insurgents. Under pretence of accompanying a friend, he quitted the court of Lorraine; his plans were all arranged; the countess was acquainted with them all; and the infamous plot was almost ripe for development.

What a change had taken place in the monastery! Banners now floated from the towers. Centinels were stationed at all the outlets of the venerable edifice. The drum beat, the trumpet sounded; the prince reviewed his troops; in fine, the peaceful cloister was converted into a warlike citadel.

The prince had not seen Elodie without admiration, and he openly avowed his passion. How dreadful was the situation of the orphan of Underlach. The prince, fearing the influence and the councils of father Anselmo, had prohibited the venerable pastor from entering the abbey. Elodie had no hope but in her new protectress; but the countess was devoted to the enterprising chief. The prince had informed her of his passion for Elodie, and had solicited the hand of her adopted niece. That niece might one day be a queen! How could the countess hesitate? Flattered by the generous offers of the prince, the countess promised that the orphan should be his bride, and she gave orders for the speedy celebration of the nuptials.

"Elodie," said the countess, "follow the prince of Palzo to the altar. Love, honour, glory, fortune, await you! Who knows, Elodie, but a crown may one day encircle your

brow." "I know not, madam," replied the daughter of Saint-Maur, "what destiny Heaven may have reserved for me, but I am sure that a crown is not the object of my ambition. Suffer me, therefore, to decline the brilliant match which you have proposed to me. Gratitude is the only sentiment with which the prince of Palzo can inspire the heart of Elodie." With these words she withdrew, leaving the countess overwhelmed with surprise.

It was night, and the daughter of Saint-Maur retired to her apartment. Suddenly she perceived a light on one of the hills overhanging the valley. On the opposite mountain a similar fire immediately blazed and disappeared at the same moment. These were doubtless corresponding fires. Along the path leading to the bridge of the torrent, she perceived a numerous band of armed mountaineers. A confused noise of voices was heard in the court-yard of the abbey. The prince of Palzo appeared mounted on a superb courser. A violet-coloured mantle covered his coat of mail and bright cuirass. His black helmet was surmounted by a white plume. He drew down his visor, and, followed by a few warriors as mysterious as himself, rode through the gates of the monastery.

Elodie knew not what to conjecture. The prince was doubtless bent on some desperate enterprise. A midnight plot must necessarily be criminal. A thousand various thoughts bewildered the mind of Elodie. Anselmo was banished from the monastery; she herself was a prisoner. What course could she adopt? To what power could she appeal? "If I kindle the watch-light of the tower!" thought she, "if I summon the Recluse! his invincible arm would force the gates of the monastery, and subdue the power of Palzo. But he may be the victim of his dauntless courage.—I shall be the occasion of his fall!—No, I will not expose the life of the Recluse!—the watch-light shall be my last resource in the moment of despair."

THE NORTH GERMAN PEASANTRY.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

Our acquaintance with all parts of the European continent has of late years been gradually improving both in ex-

tent and accuracy, and the various stages of society which its different nations exhibit have, since the French revolution, attracted a far deeper scrutiny than at any former period. The public gaze has indeed been chiefly directed towards its southern inhabitants, the French, the Spaniards, the Italians, and the Portuguese. The sense of deficient administration which these nations have manifested, and that germ of splendid results and permanent amelioration which in some of them has broken forth, have undoubtedly a pre-eminent claim upon our attention. But there are yet countries in the north of the continent, which, though destitute of any striking and sudden efforts of awakened man, such as those which the south has witnessed, present matter highly instructive and interesting to an observer of human society. The northern parts of Germany, bordering upon the Baltic, as they are outlying provinces, not inhabited by any court or sovereign, and possessing no attractions of climate or scenery, have been comparatively but little noticed. They have been hardly visited at all by English or French travellers; and the German language is so slenderly diffused in this country, that the native accounts of them are inaccessible to all but a few. For this reason it may not be unacceptable to lay before the English reader a short sketch of the state of society there, and principally of the condition of the peasantry; to deliver an abridged summary of the changes which have influenced the happiness of the numerous classes in that country, interspersing some reflections on their general progress throughout other more advanced European kingdoms. The principal facts relative to the present state of the labouring classes in that country, may be found in a "View of Villenage in Pomerania and Rugen," written by Arndt, an author whose liberal spirit has rendered him deservedly popular among all the friends of German liberty and improvement.

If human happiness be the only true and legitimate end of history, and indeed of all knowledge, a minute acquaintance with those causes which either promote or obstruct the well-being of the most numerous portion of every society, must be deemed the most valuable of all acquisitions. Yet, if we inspect nearly every historical record extant, how rarely is this proposed as the object of research!

—"History, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this." COWPER.

We listen to a minute detail of the most insignificant quarrels, amours, and enjoyments of kings and nobles, while the condition and progress of the people is usually postponed to the appendix, or occupies a paragraph at the end of a

reign, of much about the same length as the description of the king's person. It is at best treated as a curious accessory, which it would be improper wholly to pass over, like the animal and vegetable productions of the country. Reflections upon this grievous distortion of the historical pen might be pushed to some extent, and not without advantage; but on the present occasion it will be sufficient to vindicate what might wear the aspect of minute detail, by a reference to that grand purpose towards which all scientific research should be made subservient.

That great recoinage (*refonte*) of the human race, (to use the eloquent expression of Sismondi) which Europe has witnessed since the Christian era, traces its origin to the incorporation of the Gothic tribes with the declining Roman empire in the south, to the Gothic tribes alone in the middle, and to their admixture with the Slavi or Slavonians, in the north of Europe. Russia and Poland, inhabited only by Slavonians, may be considered as situated without the pale of this classification, as their influence upon the frame of European society is but of recent date.

At the period when the Gothic tribes had acquired firm possession of the Roman territories in the south, the northern and eastern parts of Europe (including Holstein, Mecklenburg, Pomerania, Lusatia, Silesia, Bohemia, and Hungary) were peopled by Slavi. From the 9th to the 13th century, the Gothic and Saxon tribes extended their invasions into all these countries, and incorporated themselves with the inhabitants, partly by way of conquest, partly by way of settlement. In some, however, they appear to have settled in much greater number, and to have acquired a far greater supremacy, than in others, and the current language affords an incontestable standard by which their comparative superiority may be measured.

In Holstein, Mecklenburg, and Pomerania, the almost complete introduction of the German language attests the entire predominance of the new settlers over the old inhabitants, whom indeed the meagre accounts which remain describe as equally rude and thinly scattered. Previous to the year 1200, when Henry the Lion was duke of Saxony, and when the English were just conquering Ireland, this settlement was firmly made, but not without much contest and bloodshed. It was by no means however effected wholly by conquest; for Pomerania was governed by her native princes, of Slavonian family, until the country was divided by the extinction of that race, in the time of the thirty years war. The Germans owed their predominance partly to the superiority which they possessed in arts and cultivation, and partly to the influence of

Christianity which they introduced into the country.

The scanty accounts which we possess of Pomerania from the 12th to the 16th century exhibit the same comfortless and unattractive features which mark at the same period the more southern countries of Europe. We observe an utter absence of all sense of union, and of that respect for public authority which is the visible sign of this feeling. The kings of Pomerania possessed little more than a nominal authority over their refractory nobles. The country was split into a variety of separate associations, consisting either of territorial lordships, or of the different town-corporations and their demesnes. Between these there existed interminable warfare, and these petty feuds seem to have spread constant desolation throughout the whole land. It is indeed scarcely possible to imagine the distress which must have frequently reigned in a country where we hear the price of corn recorded as higher by six-fold one year than it had been in the preceding, in consequence of which many persons died of absolute hunger.

About the 16th century, however, we begin to be more accurately informed as to the state of Pomerania and Rugen. The chronicler Kanzow lived at this period; and there is extant a curious compilation of the country customs and laws (*land-gebrauche*) of the isle of Rugen, made about the year 1550 by Matthias von Normann—a man who was originally scribe in the judicial court of Bergen, and afterwards administered justice there himself in the capacity of provincial judge (*Landvoegt*).

From both these accounts the condition of the peasants in Pomerania and Rugen appears in the 16th century to have been tolerably free and comfortable. Like the villeins in England, their tenures were different. Some possessed an hereditary tenure upon their farms, on condition of performing certain fixed services upon the manor-farm of the lord, and in some cases of paying a fixed money-tribute. Others, again, had only a life-tenure, and were subject to indeterminate services. But, in Rugen particularly, nearly all the peasants appear to have stood upon a fixed annual tribute, and to have possessed an hereditary tenure in their farms. They are described as rich, spirited, and warlike, as unwilling to yield in point of precedence to the poorer members of the noblesse, among whom their daughters are said to have frequently intermarried. They went almost always armed, even to feasts and to church. They were fond of hunting, and kept good dogs for the purpose. They might sell their farms whenever they pleased, and remove, on condition of delivering to the lord a tenth part of the purchase-money, together with an heriot and other small

burthens. The lord could not turn them out except upon some specific and satisfactory ground, and even then the peasant was permitted to sell the whole of his farming-stock, and to carry away the proceeds free. Occasional fees due to the lord, such as wardship, relief, &c. are defined with considerable precision by Normann.

But even during the time of the latter, this moderate and easy tenure appears to have been gradually declining. Normann concludes his compilation with a complaint, that the lords were daily becoming more harsh and oppressive in their exactions, and that the decisions of the provincial courts were decidedly increasing in severity towards the peasants. And even before the 16th century had expired, instances occurred of a practice to which the annals of lordly exaction, in southern Europe, do not afford a parallel.

The usual mode of residence of the peasants was in villages, or small assemblages of ten or a dozen cabins upon an average, to each of which there was annexed a portion of arable land, amounting commonly, according to Arndt, to about thirty acres. Besides this there was a certain quantity of pasture and woodlands which the village seemed to use in common. Out of the produce of this village-land the residing peasants were compelled to maintain the farming capital, and the labourers with whom they were to cultivate the demesne-farm of the lord—to pay the *taille* or state-contribution, from which the lord's land is exempt—to furnish the support of the priests, and other duties, besides being called upon to labour upon the roads, and to aid in repairing churches whenever it was required. It may be readily conjectured that this list of demands, supposing them even to be exacted with moderation and humanity, would leave to the peasant a very scanty percentage out of the fruits of his labour, and would extinguish all stimulus to effort and activity. The cultivation of his lord's land would be wretchedly performed, where nothing was to be gained by executing it well. This very obvious consideration induced many of the lords, in the beginning of the 17th century, to adopt the plan of laying down the peasant-villages (*das Bauernlegen*.) They took the small farming capital of the peasants into their own management, reducing the latter, without the most trifling compensation, to the state of day-labourers. Under pretence that the farming capital in reality belonged to them, and that they might, at pleasure, resume that which they had partially entrusted to the management of their dependant, they robbed the peasant of all his little semblance of proprietorship, and degraded him to a level with those labourers to whom he had previously appeared in the light of an employer and

a superior. They converted the village-land into one great demesne farm, which they cultivated by means of the farming capital taken from the peasants, and employed under their own management, and by means of the manual labour of its former possessors.*

Arndt mentions numerous demesne-farms, within his own knowledge, which had been in that condition for a very long period, but which are stated as peasant-villages in the accounts at the beginning of the 17th century. The growing severity of treatment seems to have materially increased the number of runaway peasants; for about this epoch we meet with numerous edicts to prevent their flight. Even in these edicts, the peasants are mentioned in a tone which decisively indicates how much their importance had declined since the time of Normann.

But the hardship of their treatment seems to have been perpetually on the increase even up to the latest years of the 18th century. The practice of laying down the villages continued to be very frequent during the 17th and 18th centuries, and more so from 1763 to 1790 than at any former period. In the twenty years just following the seven years' war, many villages were laid down not only in the estates of the nobles, but in those of the cities and corporations, and in the kingly domains. But it has within the last forty years been exclusively confined to the nobles. The increased demand for Baltic corn, which has arisen in southern Europe during this latter period, has been the means of creating this additional anxiety for a better system of cultivation than the poor peasants could be expected to apply. The proprietors of land have been growing rapidly wealthy, and the augmentation of capital cannot be better attested than by the universal complaint, throughout Pomerania and Rugen, of the scarcity of workmen.

To exhibit the light in which these unhappy peasants have been considered during the period just alluded to, it is only necessary to inspect a book published at Wismar in 1779, by Balthasar, a jurist of some celebrity, and vice-president of the Supreme Court in that town. In this book (entitled "*De hominibus propriis in Pomerania*") the author treats the peasants with the same unfeeling brutality with which a Kentucky lawyer would probably speak of a *nigger*. "Pea-

sants," says he, "must serve their lord when and where he will, by day and by night, for they, the cattle and the furniture, are all his. They must perform all services without limitation or certainty. In any difference between the lord and his peasant, the presumption must always be in favour of the former; for it cannot be imagined that he would wish to injure *his own property*. Banishment is never to be employed in punishing a villain; for *banishment would be a blessing to him*." He defines a *villain*, *res immobilis*. Runaways are publicly advertised in the Stralsund newspapers, and a reward offered to any one who will forcibly detain and bring them back.

However, it appears that the movement which, during the last ten years of the 18th century, imprinted itself upon almost every member of European society, has not been wholly lost even upon the remote and debased Pomeranian. He no longer submits with the same tranquillity to see his village laid down, and himself degraded, without compensation, into the post of a labourer. Instances have happened in which the peasants have made active resistance to the attempt. And the lords have of late scarcely ever been able to carry it through without the offer of some pecuniary recompense, which offer, however, Arndt states to have been more frequently disregarded than fulfilled, and the poor peasant had no means of enforcing payment.

It is remarkable that in Rugen, where both Kanzow and Normann declare the state of the peasants to have been incomparably more easy in their time than it was in Pomerania, the oppression of this unhappy class has, in modern years, far exceeded that which is practised in the latter. In Rugen, the number of villains is to that of free inhabitants as three to one; in Pomerania the numbers are nearly equal. In consequence of this harsher and more niggardly treatment, the population of Rugen has rather declined during the last twenty years of the 18th century; in Pomerania it somewhat increased. The scarcity of labourers is, therefore, greater in the former than in the latter, and their wages proportionally high, amounting to 21 rix-dollars per annum, besides certain other perquisites, while the villain-labourer receives only 9 or 10. In Pomerania the villain-labourer receives about 11 or 12 rix-dollars, while the wages of the free-labourer do not amount to above 15 or 16.

It is both curious and important to ascertain, if possible, what has occasioned the gradual increase of rigour and oppression towards this unhappy people, during a period when the peasantry of other European nations has been, if any thing, acquiring relief and importance in the scale of society. Speculations

* When the Anglo-Indian government made the Zemindars proprietors of the land in Bengal under lord Cornwallis, in 1789, the extinction of the hereditary rights of the ryots seems to have been very similar to the practice here detailed. See the account of the reforms of lord Cornwallis, in Mr. Mill's excellent "*History of British India*," book 6. cap. 5.

upon this subject present unusual difficulties: and when we have obtained a principle which appears to solve the problem in one country, we are disappointed to find, on applying it to another, that although the very same principle appears to have operated, the results are nevertheless totally opposite. Millar, for instance, in his remarks on the English Government, (book 1. cap. 5. p. 136. 8vo.) explains the gradual extinction of villenage from the extensive landed estates acquired by the German settlers in the Roman provinces, who were thus prevented from maintaining a vigilant inspection over their slaves, and consequently obliged to abandon the idea of forcibly compelling them to work. It was necessary, he says, to allure them to labour by the possession of a fixed portion of what they produced, and thus the slaves gradually acquired property, and became more independent of their masters. Now, if we turn our attention from England to the eastern parts of Europe, the fact manifests that a thin population, scattered over an immense territory, is in circumstances the most favourable to a perpetual and unmitigated villenage. Such is the state of Poland and Russia, where the estates of great proprietors are of an extent unknown to the more bounded territories of western Europe. Millar's theory, therefore, even if it were more unexceptionable in point of argument than it really is, would be wholly overthrown by an enlarged survey and comparison of different countries.

A few general considerations, drawn from an analysis of human nature will tend to elucidate the changes which affect the happiness of the poorer classes.

The motive which impels one man to injure another is the love of enjoyment; and the love of dominion, for the purpose of attaining this enjoyment as easily and quickly as possible. The great mass of injury inflicted, therefore, consists in privation, and in that coercive system which is necessary, in order to enforce the production and surrender of the desirable objects. And if this mass of injury is greater in one state of society than in another, the reason must be, that motives have arisen determining the oppressors to push their system of engrossment and coercion to a greater extremity, while, on the other hand, the capacity of resistance, on the part of the oppressed, has been diminished.

Now the progress of society uniformly imparts additional strength to all these motives for exaction. In a rude age the stimulus arising from them is feeble and inefficient. When the chief enjoys neither a more luxurious fare nor a more sumptuous clothing than the dependant, and when both are abundantly supplied with that coarse comfort beyond which their ideas do not extend, the former has little to gain by forcibly pushing the ser-

vices of the latter to their most productive result. A numerous and warlike retinue is usually the pride of the chief, and plentiful subsistence may be obtained for them without much oppression. Under these circumstances he may occasionally maltreat, or even destroy, his dependants, in a fit of passion, but he will practise no habitual extortion or cruelty towards them. "*Occidere solent,*" says Tacitus of the ancient Germans, "*servos, non disciplinæ ac severitate, sed impetu et ira, ut inimicum, nisi quod impud.*"—(*De Mor. Germ.*)

Nor does the love of dominion stimulate the rude chieftain to oppress his dependants, any more than the love of enjoyment. His power rests upon a basis so secure and irresistible, that he has but little temptation to extend it by depressing still lower those who are subject to it. In that universal simplicity of fare and habits which prevails, he has no other mode of distinguishing himself, except by personal superiority: and the circumstances of mankind during such a period, distributed into small tribes continually at war with each other, conspire to render his acquisition of these qualities, in some degree of perfection, imperiously necessary. Accordingly, we find that in rude times, the men of the highest birth and opulence are uniformly the first men of their day. They shine pre-eminently in all the qualities which are then in esteem. They are the most courageous and skilful combatants, the most capable of supporting fatigue, the most distinguished in wrestling, boxing, and all other exercises of strength. A tribe never dream of opposing the mandates of one who excels in every accomplishment which their circumstances teach them to appreciate and admire. The constant necessity of employing them in military services would, besides, render the chief indisposed to oppressive and extortionate acts, even if he had more motive to such conduct than he really has.

But in process of time these simple habits gradually give place to ease and luxury. Personal enjoyments are discovered or invented, which it requires long and assiduous labour to procure. They are of course expensive, and can become the property only of a few. The possession of them, therefore, at once creates a visible mark which distinguishes the chief from the rest of his tribe, or from other less powerful chiefs, and he is consequently relieved from the necessity of that fatiguing personal pre-eminence which he had before been obliged to maintain. The military habits are usually laid aside, and the superiority of great proprietors is displayed, not in the field, but in exhibitions of comparative opulence and splendour. Thus the thirst for personal enjoyment, the desire of distinction, and the love of ease, all unite in inspiring an ardent demand for ex-

pensive luxuries. And this taste can only be gratified by obtaining from the peasants as large a produce as their labour can possibly be made to furnish. The strongest motive would be created for the acquisition of a larger money-revenue.*

In consequence of this alteration of taste, those arrangements for production which had been established during the previous era of rudeness and simplicity, would at once be perceived to be clumsy and incompetent. The lord's farm, cultivated by the partial and intermittent exertions of peasants who were engaged in tillage elsewhere upon their own account, would meet with careless and unskilful treatment. Under these circumstances, there would be two modes of augmenting the money-revenue of the lord. It might be augmented either by placing the peasant upon a fixed and independent tenure, by exacting from him a definite portion of produce, and bribing him to a stricter effort and attention by the prospect of securely appropriating the remainder. Or it might be augmented if the lord could seize and employ solely for his own purposes the farming capital, the services of which had before partially belonged to him; and if, by the use of skilful and methodized compulsion, like that exercised over a negro slave, he could oblige the peasant to work in the most efficient manner which terror can secure, reserving to himself the whole of the produce, except what might be barely sufficient to main-

* We are apt to overrate the degree of evil inflicted by one individual upon another during a rude age, because, in perusing the history of such a period, occasional acts of excessive cruelty and brutality are presented to us, which a civilized society would not have tolerated. The banquet of Thyestes would never have occurred even in the slave plantations of Carolina. But deeds which originate entirely in disinterested revenge or fury can never be very frequent because the motive to perpetrate them must of necessity be confined to a few. The whole mass of injury brought about in this manner is always trifling, when compared with that which arises from applying only just as much of the painful stimulus as is necessary to ensure complete privation. Self-interest, the motive to the latter acts, is universal in its operation, and therefore the frequency and continuity of such a system of force more than compensates for the slighter injury which each individual application of it may cause. Compare the present situation of negro-slaves with that which it would be, if their masters only demanded of them as much as could be produced by the labour of two days in the week, and if they had only to read the effects of casual fury and intemperance.

tain the life and strength of the labourer. Either of these two modes of proceeding would supply the lord with a larger revenue than he could obtain by a medium between them. In the former case, the stimulus to exertion springs up spontaneously within the bosom of the peasant; in the latter case, it is provided from without. But if by vexatious and indefinite exactions, his native energies are crippled and repressed, while this deficiency of motive is not supplied by external compulsion, it seems evident that the whole produce of his labour, as well as the share which the lord received of it, would decline to the lowest possible point.

Though, however, the revenue of the lord might be augmented in either of these two ways, it appears undeniable that the latter would be the more lucrative of the two. The lord was before a partner in the proprietorship of the farming capital. To engross the whole of it, and to make himself the sole possessor, would be the most profitable path which he could pursue.

But we need not enquire whether this method of compulsory appropriation would really be more lucrative than that of settling the peasant upon a certain and undisturbed tenure, in order to determine which of the two the lords would probably adopt, supposing both to be equally easy and practicable. Were the former method attended with only equal gain, or perhaps with somewhat less, it would infallibly be preferred, from the extension of power and supremacy which accompanies it. To barter away dominion is at all times highly odious and humiliating; and experience attests, that wherever a choice is offered, mankind invariably employ the compulsory process, from the flattering sense of superiority which it involves.

The same motive, therefore, which under one set of circumstances would lead a proprietor to lay down his peasant-villages, would under another set induce him to place them on fixed and independent tenures. Both steps would be dictated by his desire of raising a larger revenue; but as the former process is both more attractive and effectual, it may be assumed, that nothing but want of power to realise its conditions could have brought proprietors to adopt the latter. Instead, therefore, of enquiring what occasioned proprietors to adopt it in the north of Europe, we ought rather to ask what prevented them from adopting it in the south; in other words, what imparted to the peasants in the south an additional capacity of resistance.

ON SPADE HUSBANDRY.

[From the Farmer's Magazine for Aug. 1820.]

A Communication from Mr. Falla to Robert Owen, Esq., New Lanark,

detailing the Experiments of four successive years in the Cultivation of Wheat by the Spade.

Gateshead, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov. 13, 1820.

DEAR SIR: Being persuaded that it is a subject of the very first importance, I most readily obey your request to furnish you with the particulars and results of my experiments in the cultivation of land, for the production of wheat by the spade. It may not be without its use, previously to detail to you the circumstances that brought my attention to this subject. I therefore take the liberty to state, that my principal occupation, for between thirty and forty years past, has been the cultivation of land, chiefly for the raising of trees and seeds for sale; and finding, as I was extending my concerns that way about sixteen or eighteen years ago, a difficulty in procuring a sufficient number of men to work the land with the spade, I substituted the plough in working those parts where a considerable quantity of vacant ground happened to lie together, and fancied that, besides getting through the work with more facility and convenience, which I certainly did, I was doing work in a manner equal to work done with the spade.

The effect of the first use of the plough was not of so much consequence as when repeated; the beating of the subsoil by the horses' feet, together with the action of the iron bottom of the plough, not having at first the miserable effect of making the bottom of the worked ground hard and firm like a turnpike road; the continued successive use of the plough, however, soon showed the bad effects in the diminished health and vigour of the trees, &c. Fortunately this observation was made, when men for spade-work were easier obtained than at the period when the use of the plough was adopted; and in part then, but entirely since, I have laid it aside in all my nursery operations.

In the use of the spade, I produce a depth of well worked earth of nine or ten inches, which is more than twice that of the plough, as used in the counties of Durham and Northumberland; and, instead of the hardened level bottom, not easily, if at all, penetrable in our strong clayey subsoils, by either superflu-

ous moisture or the roots of plants, I obtain a loose broken bottom, conceived to be a particularly favourable circumstance in such soils.

Soon after, or rather during the time my practice was changing from the use of the plough to that of the spade, I received a letter from a gentleman of great respectability and accurate observation in Yorkshire, expressing himself strongly impressed with an opinion, that if garden culture with the spade were introduced into farming, very great addition might be made to the produce of the said land as worked by the plough, and that the full energies of the land will never be called forth till the spade is made to supersede the plough; asking for my opinion, and any observations I might have made on the subject; detailing, at the same time, the particulars of an experiment in wheat with spade-culture, which had been made a good many years before at Nottingham, the produce of which was beyond all example. This information, so strongly corroborating my own observations, confirmed me in my practice of the use of the spade for nursery purposes, and stimulated me to the extension of it, and to the making of experiments of the same kind. The Nottingham experiment having been made with plants of wheat raised upon garden-beds, and from thence transplanted into lines, I began with an adoption of the same mode. I sowed the wheat in peds in the month of August, and transplanted the same in September and October; the distance of the lines from each other was in one experiment nine, and another twelve inches, placing, in both cases, twelve plants per yard in the lines. These experiments I made two successive years; and the least produce was fifty-two bushels, and the greatest sixty bushels, Winchester, per acre. The quantity of ground under these experiments was half an acre each year, which I think may be considered a pretty fair quantity for an experiment; perhaps a much smaller one would not be so.

The digging, as at my common nursery price, costs fourpence per rood, of forty-nine square yards (the rood of this country) or thirty-three shillings per acre; the transplanting, fourpence halfpenny per thousand;

but there is a great saving of seed, from one to two pecks of wheat producing as many plants as are sufficient to plant an acre; whereas the usual quantity for plough cultivation, sown broadcast, is eight pecks, or two bushels per acre. The following, on these data, is a calculation of the expense of cultivating one acre in this way, supposing the lines nine inches asunder.

Digging	L.1 13 0
Transplanting 232,323	
plants, at 4½d. per 100	4 7 1½
Two pecks of seed wheat	0 4 6

Total L.6 4 7½

During the time of making these experiments, it occurred to me, that, probably, the increased quantity of wheat produced in this way arose more from the deep working of the land by the spade, than from the circumstance of transplantation; and I added to the transplanting experiments, for the two past seasons, others, in which the wheat was sown both in drills and broadcast, the land in all the cases worked in the same manner by the spade; and the following are the results.

CROP 1819.

- No. 1, transplanted from the seed-bed into 6 in. lines, produced, p. acre 62½ bushels.
- No. 2, transplanted from the seed-bed into 9 in. lines, produced, p. acre, 56½ bushels.
- No. 3, transplanted from the seed-bed into 12 in. lines, produced, p. acre, 61 bushels.
- No. 4, sown in drills into 9 in. lines, produced, p. acre, 65½ bushels.
- No. 5, sown broadcast, produced, p. acre, 58½ bushels.

CROP 1820.

- No. 1, transplanted from the seed-bed into 6 in. lines, produced, p. acre, 68½ bushels.
- No. 2, transplanted from the seed-bed into 9 in. lines, produced, p. acre, 68½ bushels.
- No. 3, transplanted from the seed-bed into 12 in. lines, produced, p. acre, 60½ bushels.
- No. 4, sown in drills into 9 in. lines, produced, p. acre, 73½ bushels.
- No. 5, sown broadcast, produced, p. acre, 76½ bushels.

I must here state, that a portion of No. 4, in the last detailed set of experiments, was laid down by wet when in flower, and proved very

abortive; otherwise I have little doubt that No. 4, (as in the former year) would have exceeded No. 5. in quantity; and a considerable part of the wheat of Nos. 1, 2 and 3, was shaken out by the wind, and destroyed by birds, to the amount probably of five or six bushels per acre.

With relation to the denominations of Winchester measure, compared with those of Scotland, I have to observe, that the Winchester bushel contains thirty-two quarts, and the quarter eight bushels; also, that a boll Linlithgow, or Edinburgh measure, contains, within quite a small fraction, four bushels of Winchester.

I have already stated the expense of cultivating, by spade work and transplanting from a seed-bed, in lines nine inches asunder, one acre of wheat; I will now state the expense of one acre in drill, and also broadcast.

Digging	L.1 13 0
Seed wheat, 2 bushels per	
acre	0 18 0

L.2 11 0

If sown broadcast, and the seed is harrowed in by a horse, say 2s. p. acre; if raked in with a garden rake, it will cost

0 4 0

L.2 15 0

If sown in drills, and the drills made with a garden hoe, it will cost 4s. per acre more; but a larger saving than that expense will be made in the quantity of seed, compared with the broadcast method.

I now take the liberty to state what I conceive is the comparative expense of cultivating an acre of land by the plough; and, in the first place, I have no difficulty in asserting, that one digging, as I have it done (leaving the extra depth out of the question at present) is equal to three ploughings and harrowings. I believe I may also state, that the ploughing each time of an acre, is calculated to cost 8s., and the harrowing 2s.; if this is allowed, an acre, in this way, costs,

Three ploughings and harrowings at 10s.	L.1 10 0
Seed wheat, 2 bushels per	
acre	0 18 0
Harrowing the seed in	0 2 0

L.2 10 0

Thus it appears, that the cultivation of an acre of wheat by the spade costs only 5s. more than by the plough. In respect to the comparison of expense between wheat *transplanted*, and *sown* on land worked by the spade; from the two last years' experiments (the expense of transplanting being of course taken into the question) there can be no doubt that sowing is the better system, and that the advantage over the plough is from the deep and otherwise superior working of the land by the spade.

The comparative advantage of produce is now to be stated. The average produce of wheat of the whole island, taking an average of seven years, is said to be twenty bushels per acre. The average of my neighbourhood, I believe, is about twenty-four bushels per acre; but instead of making that a criterion by which to make the comparison, I have to state, that, in the autumn of 1819, a good deal of pains was taken to ascertain the quantity of wheat upon a field immediately adjoining my land, and which was what is considered a remarkably fine crop, by which it appeared to be 38 bushels per acre. This was on land although adjoining, yet of a naturally better quality than mine, and quite as highly manured, worked in the usual manner of this country, with a two-horse plough, and sown broadcast. By inspection it will be seen, that the average quantity of my drilled and broadcast experiments, in 1819 and 1820, is 68½ bushels per acre. The value of seed-wheat has been assumed to be 9s. per bushel. I will, however, for a whole crop, take it lower, say 8s. per bushel. The comparison, in respect to value, will then stand thus per acre.

By the spade, 68½ bushels	
per acre, at 8s.	L. 27 8 0
By the plough, 38 bushels	
per acre, at 8s.	15 4 0

The difference is L. 12 4 0

—being an advantage gained, by the extra expense, of 5s.

It is of much importance, on this very interesting subject, that every circumstance connected with the experiments should be known. I therefore state, that the quality of my land on which they were made, although naturally poor, is of that

middle texture that will grow the two extremes of turnips and beans; that, at the distance of ten or twelve miles from Newcastle, it would be let for at most 30s. per acre; that, when I got possession of it, there were not above four to six inches of earth upon a subsoil of clay; that, every year it has been worked, I have brought up to the surface a small quantity, say one inch, of the said subsoil; and that I have now a depth of earth of one foot, the whole equal, or more than equal, to the quality of the four to six inches upon it when I first had it: Further, that my experiments for crop 1819 were made after a crop of turnip seed, the land previously manured for the turnips, before the seed was sown, at the rate of 20 tons of stable dung per acre; no additional dung used for the turnips when transplanted, nor for the wheat crop; the plants and seeds respectively, for the different experiments of which wheat crop, were planted and sown in September.

The land upon which the experiments for crop 1820 were made, had previously upon it a three years' crop of transplanted larches, which of course not a little exhausted it.—The larches were followed by turnips for seed; a two years' crop, as in the former case, and, as will be allowed, a very exhausting one.—This land had an allowance of 20 tons of stable manure per acre, applied when the turnip seed was sown, and no more added when they were transplanted; but, considering the state of the land from the effect of the larches and the turnip seed, it was thought that justice would not be done to the wheat without an application of a smaller portion of the same sort of manure; and I gave it ten tons per acre.

I have not yet made any experiments by spade-culture on oats and barley; but I am intending to make one or more upon each of those grains, and perhaps on beans, the ensuing spring. I am at present digging one of my fields for that purpose, the results of which shall be detailed to you.

Being desirous of ascertaining how far, and at what expense, it may be practicable to work land by the spade by women, boys, girls, and feeble old men, in order, among other reasons, to the employment of

paupers of that description, in which, alas! this country south of the Tweed superabounds; I have this autumn made an experiment on a piece of land, containing 1728 square yards, by digging, or rather trenching by two short spits, with girls; and I have the pleasure of saying, that the work is better done by two such short spits, each about five to six inches deep, the one following the other, than digging is done by men at one full spit or spadeful about nine to ten inches deep. The common wages I pay to these girls is 10d. per day; and they did the work in nineteen days for one girl, which cost 15s. 10d.—An acre, at the same rate, containing 4840 square yards, would cost 2l. 4s. 4d. This is 11s. 4d. per acre more than by men at one spit; but I am satisfied that the superiority of the girls' work is well worth the difference. I may add, that this being the girls' first attempt with spades, I am persuaded that, by further practice, they would in a short time do it for the men's price, 33s. The girls work with quite light spades, made for the purpose; the best size for which I think to be 9½ inches long, 8 inches broad, and weighing, with the light handle, about 4½ liv. avoirdupois.

A few months ago I took the liberty of stating to you, that, as a *parochial* concern for the employment of the poor, at present dependent on their respective parishes for relief, your system might be adopted with very great effect; and one principal object, as I have already said, in making the last detailed experiment; was to ascertain how far it is practicable to employ, in the cultivation of the soil, persons who are so dependent on parish relief, of the descriptions of women, boys, girls, and feeble old men, at present doing little more than sitting over the poor-house fire; the greatest part of whom may, as it is now ascertained, be employed to great effect in the heaviest manual labour, in the cultivation of the soil, and, of course, in the easier operations of hoeing, weeding, &c. I think I may venture to add, that there need be little doubt entertained that there are few even of such, at present miserable objects, who would not be able in that way to earn a maintenance, and that, were such a measure gene-

rally adopted, the Poor's-rates in England, at present said to amount to eight millions, might be reduced to perhaps one fourth of that sum. A better arrangement might probably be thought of than what has occurred to me, which is, that the parish, according to the extent of its wants, shall purchase, say from twenty to fifty or more acres of land,—build upon it cottages to the necessary extent,—employ a proper person to lay out the ground in the best manner for the purpose,—see the poor set to work, and that they do the same in a proper manner through all its operations; also, that each does a day's work according to individual ability; and that such as are not able to dig, rake, &c. be employed in other more easy operations, as the weather and their ability may permit.

Before I conclude, there is one more strong argument in favour of spade-husbandry, which must be noticed. As far as that mode may be adopted, there will of course be a saving of land for the production of food for man, which is now appropriated to the keeping of horses; and I believe that few persons are aware, that the quantity of land necessary for the keeping a horse is, as may be very easily made to appear, 4½ acres; I am meaning a quality of land similar to mine, as already described; which quantity, it may be very clearly made to appear, will afford subsistence for nine persons, on the supposition of a common proportion of men, women, and children, and this under the husbandry of the plough. But, on the supposition of spade culture, that quantity of land will produce sufficient subsistence for more than twelve persons.

Should it be objected, that a serious inconvenience may arise from the want of the present supply of manure from horses, the difficulty will be easily obviated by keeping more horned cattle, and by means of an almost religious attention (as in China) to the preservation of perhaps the best and most powerful of all manures, human urine, which at present is in this island almost entirely lost, but which, in such a town as Glasgow, probably might be found worth 20,000l. a year. I am, &c.

WILLIAM FALLA.

'Ex pede Herculem.'

Extract from Mr. Paul Allen's new poem, entitled "NOAH."

CANTO I.

WILD with amaze, or sunk in deep despair,

The man of sorrows shook his silver hair;
He felt his bark alternate rise and drop,
From every liquid mountain's hoary top.
Bewildered memory painted to his sight
The broad black billow, topped with
fearful white,

Rising each moment more tremendous still,

With strength increased and breaking o'er the hill:

And still he saw the winged nations fly,
Traversing every region of the sky,
In quest of some kind hill, or verdant thing

Where they might rest the labour of the wing;

'Till, all exhausted, in the deep they fell,
And fluttered forth to heaven their last farewell:

Still on the ruthless surge the mother past,

And while from vision heaven was fading fast,

She viewed her infant with an eye, how dim!

And breathed her soul away in prayers for him.—

O righteous man! although thy doom be hard,

Eternal Justice is thy sacred guard—

Fear not, tho' mighty dangers intervene,
There is a secret power that moves unseen,

Who rules the tempest and commands the wave,

It is a power omnipotent to save.
Tho' round about thee clouds and billows swell,

And each loud rain-drop beats a funeral knell:

Protecting angels in thy cause embark,
And bear thee, Noah, safely in thine ark.

Now when the full unclouded sun display'd

The mighty ruin that the deluge made;
Come ye who are not curst with nerves of steel;

Whom gentle pity yet has taught to feel,
Pity the poor man while in sad amaze,

He throws around a wild and wandering gaze,

And hardly knows, such horror thrills his blood,

Himself to be surviving from the flood,
When reason was awakened to discern

His real state—alas where could he turn
And look for peace? his family around

A little groupe—was lost in thought profound,

Insensible—in vain the old man tries
To catch some beams of comfort from their eyes.

Who does not know that when old age has spent

The fire of life, the youthful body bent,
Taught the tame blood to pass with many pains,

And dull reluctant gravity, the veins—
Alas! who does not know it as a truth,
That much it needs kind offices from youth;

Still to compose the limbs with pious care;
And still solicit life to linger there—
Still to delay the transitory breath,
And thus to parley for a time with death!

Alas! this was not hapless Noah's fate;
Himself, himself! was doomed to feel the weight

Of woes where none could such relief procure
Dreadful to think, how dreadful to endure!

Oft does a billow by the storms oppress,
Roam like a guilty heart in search of rest;
But vain it wheels along the realm of blue,

More awful still it rises to the view,
Till towering on, the monarch of the waves!

It breaks in thunder on the shore it laves.
Where is that snow white plume—that threatening brow
Where is that frowning mass of water now!

That rolling mount, with danger so replete,
In silvery rippling bathes an infant's feet;
'Twas thus with Noah's heart; he—grieved no more

When the full swell of agony was o'er;
That flood of sorrow that o'erpowered the man
In the mild stream of resignation, ran.

O consort dear! he cried whose bosom bears
And still too much participates my cares,
In early youth thy faithful tongue can tell,
When life was pleasant, that I loved thee well;

I chose thee then, and heaven's approving voice,
Has awfully confirmed my youthful choice.
When all our race beheld the torrents pour,
Cast one sad glance to heaven, and looked no more;

Still it was giv'n thee to survive their fate,
To trust in God, and look for longer date.
Forget the many troubles we have past,
Mercy's kind angel has arrived at last;
I see the glory that surrounds her head,
Spangling yon turbid cloud with lovely red:

How calm! how innocent! the fiery hue
Sinks in the soft tranquility of blue;
There fades the timid violet, and there
The hue that nature once rejoiced to wear.

Not like that sword that blazed at Adam's fall
Abhorrent splendour!—forth from Eden's wall

Dreadful it blazed! whene'er his eyes he threw
On that dark spot, the sparkles fiercer flew;
But here no terrors haunt the soul—the sight
Reposes on that quietude of light.

Father of heaven—Almighty God!—to thee
An old man trembles, while he bows the knee;
Grant, to the sad survivor of his race,
If e'er thy suppliant in thine eyes found grace,
Grant that yon light, so exquisitely pure,
To future generations may endure,
And be an omen long as time shall last,
That thy avenging wrath has overpast!
He spake—and lo! a prodigy ensues;
A brighter glory shone thro' all the hues:
Auspicious light!—exulting Noah saw
The kindling firmament with pious awe,
In confidence that heaven his prayer would bless,
He hailed this symbol of assured success.

LITERARY NEWS.

The biographical works of Robert Vaux, Esq. of Philadelphia, have been translated into the Russian language, by order of the Imperial Philanthropic Society of St. Petersburg.

A new quarterly journal has been commenced in England, under the title of the *Investigator*. Among the articles said to be contained in the last number, are: "Account of the Sketch-book of Geoff. Crayon, and its author. Yamoyden. The state of religion in America. The Education Society of the (American) Presbyterian Church. Commissioners for foreign missions. United Foreign Mission Society. State of slaves and the slave trade in the U. S. Penitentiary and penitentiary system. Obituary of the Rev. Dr. Kollock, of Savannah. A republication of the Rev. Ward Stafford's Report to the Female Missionary Society, for the city of New York and its vicinity, &c."

And the next number is to contain "Several recent communications from America."

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